

OR take it in a diff'rent View;

I ask, if what you say be *true*,
 If you allow, the present Age
 Deserves your *Satire's* keenest Rage;
 If that same *Universal Passion*
 With ev'ry *Vice* hath fill'd the Nation;
 If *Virtue* dares not venture down,
 But just a *Step* below the *Crown*:
 If *Clergymen*, to shew their Wit,
 Prize *Classicks* more than *Sacred Writ*;
 If Bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the *Senate-House* can run,
 And sell their Votes at such a Rate,
 As will retrieve a lost Estate:
 If *Law* be such a partial Whore,
 To spare the Rich, and plague the Poor;
 If these be of all Crimes the worst,
 What *Land* was ever *half* so *curst*?



F I N I S

246

THE 5
FIFTEENTH ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
H O R A C E Horace's Placens
K
I M I T A T E D,

And applied to Mr. F—

On his being appointed

S— of S—

And taking on him the Conduct
of the — —

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT at the *Black Swan* in *Pater-noster-Row*.
MDCCLVI.

THE
FIFTEENTH
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
H. O. R. A. C. E.
LIMITED.

And applied to Mr. H.



Is deposited

2 of 2

And taking on him the Conduct
of the

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. & J. S. B. [illegible]
[illegible]



THE
FIFTEENTH ODE
Of the First Book of
HORACE
IMITATED, &c.

WHEN faithless *F*— had hoisted Sail,
And put his * *Hessian* Bark to Sea,
Cross to his Hopes no friendly Gale
Would waft his † pilfer'd Prize away.

One of old Ocean's minor Kings
Silenc'd the Winds and made him wait,
While in prophetic Verse he sings
The trembling Felon's future Fate.

You've seiz'd in an ill omen'd Hour
Th' unhallow'd Prey, that dear you'll rue;
Fondly you think to grasp at Pow'r,
'Tis but a Phantom you pursue.

Base and corrupt as she may be,
Indignant *Britain* will disdain,
To let an upstart Thing like thee,
Brandish the Scourge and clink the Chain.

Think'st thou she'll see herself a Prey
To Foxes, Vultures, Wolves, and Kites,
Her Wealth and Honours dealt away
Amongst th' abandon'd Gang at *White's*!

Will she not shake the guilty Dome,
Which Freedom and which Virtue leaves,
By your insidious Arts become
A Link of Slaves and Den of Thieves?

* The Subsidy Treaties with *Hesse* and *Russia*. † The S—s Of—.

Hid under * C——t's borrow'd Name
Red'ning the views her servile Bands
(Her Glory once, but now her Shame)
Giv'n up to your rapacious Hands.

With dark, confus'd, disorder'd Speech,
Think'st thou the high Debate to guide?
Will what thy Talents cannot reach,
Be by thy Vanity supply'd?

He who would steer the Helm of State,
While public Councils yet are free,
Clear, comprehensive, various, great,
His Knowledge and his Parts must be.

Genius by Art and Wisdom taught,
Must in his conscious Bosom glow,
And depth and Dignity of Thought
In all the Pomp of Language flow.

Manners, Complacency, and Ease,
Must in his Words and Actions shine;
He who would lead, must learn to please,
And Pow'r with Grace and Candour join.

In thy own native Sphere to mount,
Widely thou hast mistook the Way;
Still should'st thou strut a German Count,
Or reign the King of Corsica.

Beneath that fullen gloomy Brow
Your black malignant Heart appears;
With Insolence elated now,
Now sunk in base and abject Fears.

Meanness and Pride betray thy † Birth,
The Peasant's Hovel whence you sprung,
A noxious Vapour from the Earth;
Tho' like a Comet o'er us hung!

But

* A Person who has about Thirteen Thousand Pounds a Year in Agencies
to R——ts, by the Procurement of Mr. F——. † His Father was a Shepherd's
Boy on S——y Plain.

But oft a false, fantastick Light,
Spreads it's illusive Influence far,
Imposing on the dazzled Sight,
An *Ignis Fatuus* for a Star.

Treat'st thou with Scorn the Wretch whose Fate,
(Hard Fate !) subjects him to thy Frown ?
Thyself the veriest Tool of State,
That e'er did Drudgery for the C—.

The plain and open Road to quit,
And in bye Paths to lose your Way,
Is for your crooked Genius fit,
At every Turning fond to stray.

Nurtur'd in *W—n's* chaste School,
Renown'd for Probity and Truth !
That nice and rigid moral Rule,
Adorns thy Age which form'd thy Youth.

Thence brave Sir *C—s* arose, a Name,
First in thy Love that stands confest,
Whose Honour, Valour, Virtues flame,
Bright as the Star upon his Breast.

There gentle *R—y* form'd to please,
By kindred Merit won thy Heart,
Filling with Elegance and Ease,
Each modest, decent, prudent Part.

There *H—s* too became thy Care,
Tho' in an humbler Sphere he move,
To all his Patrons justly dear,
The trusty Minister of Love.

How happy for this tottering Realm,
Had *Britain* lately such to boast,
So skill'd, so ready at the Helm,—
Minorca then had not been lost.

But to return to you again,
Whom without Cause we did not quit,
You claim indeed a serious Strain,
Irony and Jest your Friends may fit.

Dost thou not hear the Thunder roar,
That ecchoes thro' St. *Stephen's* Walls?
Its rapid Vengeance won't it pour,
Swift as the livid Lightning falls?

When *P—t* inspir'd does all inspire,
Shrinking beneath his awful Brow,
Dread'st thou not that celestial Fire?
The flaming Bolt that's hurl'd at you.

Behold th' illustrious Patriot rise,
Silence at once assumes the Sway,
Fix'd are Attention's earnest Eyes,
Shame's and Dismay's are turn'd away!

As still as Midnight are those Walls,
Where Faction's noisy Wars were wag'd,
No Breath respires no Whisper falls,
Where Clamour roar'd and Discord rag'd.

Corruption's gaudy Bonds he breaks,
To him his Country's Pray'r's preferr'd;
In him the *British* Genius speaks;
The *British* Genius will be heard.

Resistless as the Torrent's roll,
Down the stupendous Mountain's Height
He siezes on the raptur'd Soul,
And bears it with him in his Flight.

Not Churchmen in the dying Hour,
Not Chieftains at their Armies Head,
Not Monarchs in the Pomp of Pow'r,
Not Beauties in the Bridal Bed;

Raise such Emotions in the Mind;
Wonder or Awe, or Joy or Fear,
As he, whose mightier Power can bind,
Triumphant Vice in her Career.

Nor shall he singly urge thy Fate,
Like him shall other Patriots rise,
In all the Lustre of Debate
G—e with Grace and Spirit wise.

T—*d* shall hunt thee full in View,
 Unrein'd his *fiery footed Steed*,
 Swift as you fly he shall pursue——
 To crown the Chace the Fox must bleed.

With nervous Sense and pointed Wit,
L—*ge* sharpens his unerring Dart,
 Hits without seeming to have hit,
 Unseen the Wound, severe the Smart.

O learn from him degenerate Youth,
 Vain Boasters of your Parts and Race!
 Honour, Integrity, and Truth,
 Give Wit its Lustre, Birth its Grace.

For when with Probity is join'd,
 Sound Sense, the rarest Gift of Heaven,
 They hold an Empire o'er the Mind,
 Pow'r uncontroul'd, but freely given.

Sagacious *O*—— soon you'll see,
 Thy Den and dark Recess expose;
 Accomplish'd *H*—*y* and learned *L*—
 Thou'lt number too among thy Foes.

When list'ning to Corruption's Lore,
 Obedient to her fell Commands
 Is this your promis'd Conduct o'er
 The *S*——'s mercenary Bands?

You told your vile Compeers, when vain
 Of Talents which you ne'er possessest
 Give me the Whip, I'll hold the Rein,
 And *Britain's* Terror stands confest.

Are thus your Menaces made good,
 Tho' you to barb'rous *Goths* have flown?
 You thirsted for the People's Blood,
 Perhaps they'll banquet on your own?